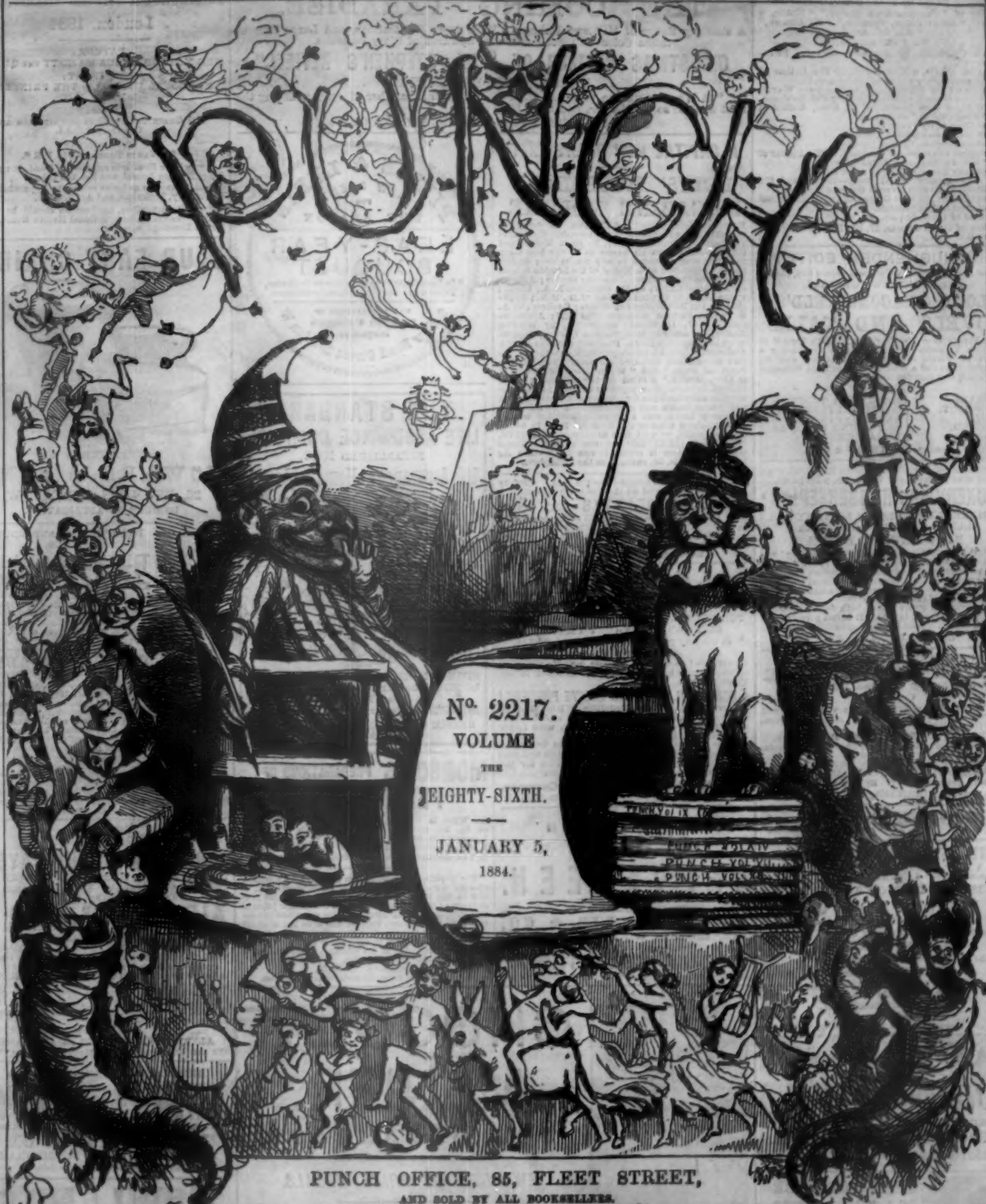


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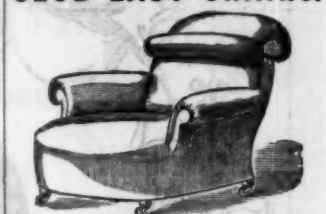
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ROBERT'S DEFENSE OF THE ALDERMEN.

I DON'T at all know what things is a comin to, or where things is a goin for to stop, but change and halteration seems to be the only things as is fixt and certain.

I went with my Son WILLIAM the other nite to a Lecter on Herstronemry, and there we was told, among other little trifles, that it was found as it woudn't pay to make a Railway to the Moon, as it woud take the "Flying Dutchman" hisself, and I don't spose as he ain't no light wait, nearly ten months to get there, and, at Parle-mentry Fare, woud cost about £1500 third class single. That wasn't bad to begin with. Then he sed as we was all a turning round at the rate of a thousand miles a hour, and spinning round the Son at a thousand miles a minnit! Well, this was quite enuff for me, and so I left right off. In course I don't serspose for a momint as he thort as we was sitch igerrant fools as to bleeve him, and yet with his black dress coat, and wite choker, and gray air, he lookt quite like a respectabel old Gentelman, in fac he lookt a good deal like a Butler or even an Ead Waiter, as woudn't deceede noboddy, unless praps it was on that werry open qeshun of '47 Port.

But the pint as strikes me is this, supposin as we are all a goin this pace at anythink like wot the Professor sed,—and Professers, I spose, does sumtimes speak the truth, like other peeples,—and are a turning round at sitch a whirlegig, no wonder as we are all gitting jest a liddle Dizzy. I need scarce say as I don't mean no Pollyticks.

Well, fust we has the shamfool slander of Dr. Tomson about Turtel Soup and its accompanymnts and its substetoots, but they all wanaisht, like the mourning due, at the calm and disintrested statement of the "Ship and Turtel" hisself, and the unlearned and unexperienced Dr. had to epolygise for so hurting some of the finest feelings of our hungry natur. As if that wasn't bad enuff, I aeshally sed last week, in one of our leading streets, a common sandwich feller with one bored on his back, and another on his front, stating that Reel Turtel Soup could be had at 2s. a basin!

Grayshus Evans, what next? as if any gentelman, let alone a Alderman, could heat reel turtel soup out of a Basin! The werry idear suggests thorts of the useful Steward. In course he woud drink his delicate accompanying Punch out of a powder pot!

How one step down leads up to another! I aeshally saw the nex day the Chairman of the City Sewers—not of course the Sewing Machiners—a persition, one woud think, enuff to gratify the hambition of the aspringest C.C. or M.P., a drinking of Sherry with his Turtel!

And now cums the wust of all. A Mr. CORNEY GRANT, a Lawyer,

has bin a calomelating the court of Aldermen to such a extent as I coud never even a dremt of, ewen after an heavy supper of Stakes and Stout. He has the ordassity to say as they gits into sitch a state of mops and brooms as woud disgrace a dustman, and he apeals to his perfeshnal egспериense to justify his unfair charges. His perfeshnal egспериense! What is it compared to mine? He is, it seams, a mere reporter, whose dooty is to use his long ears. I am an Hed Waiter, whose dooty it is to use his eyes. Then witch is the best judge of undue elewation, eyes or ears? And even supposin as such a accident was to appen as for a gentelman to suddnly find as the strawberrys has disagreed with him, whose elp does he require? The thing's too ridicklus to argyfy. I have had now nearly 20 years' egспериense as a Waiter, and 10 years' resposnibility as a Hed 'un, so I spose as I ort to know more than a mere City-School-Boy, which he was! and I can say most truthfully as I never in all my long perfeshnal career helped to carry out eather a Alderman or even a Common Councilman, but my services was wunee required in sum such delicate way, but it was not for a Corporationer or for a Liveryman. No, it was for sumboddy werry difrent from ether. He was a reel live Hem Pea! who soon after was sent abroad to guvvern a Collony, and I never herd as his one little haet of forgetfulness ever made him a wuss Guvnor than if he had gone about all his life with the wites of his eyes turned up at the depravity of the hage. My egспериense of life tells me as there's many wuss things in this wicked world, as I'm told it is, but don't beleeve it, than a glass or two of good old wine. Of course, like every other good thing, it may be abused.

There's quite as much arm done by heating in a hot room, as by drinking, and more too, to my mind.

A fine witty affable generus Gentelman may sumtimes take praps jest one glass of wine more than offishus reason woud dictate, but he never stuffs hisself full like a biled Turkey. He leaves that sort of temperance to a rayther uncertain class of perfeshnals, and to Tea-totalers, who are suddnly not total abstainers as regards Wittles, but whose wonderful appytights is a caution to all us Waiters.

No, No, No. There are plenty of charges, no dout, as mite be made, and made troothfully, against Aldermen and Common Conselman, for, of course, even them are men like the rest on us, but jolly good spessimens as far as I sees and hears, but such charges as them as was made the other day by Mr. CORNEY GRANT,—who I allus thort was a Comic Singer at Mr. GERMAN REED'S, up at Regent Street, and not a sollem Tea-Totalling Lecterer at Ipswich—is far too silly, and too unlikely, and too imposserbel to ever have occured without its ever having retched ether my eyes or my ears, witch it never did.

ROBERT.



OVER-SCRUPULOUS.

"MY HUSBAND IS VICAR OF ST. BONIFACE—BUT I DON'T ATTEND HIS CHURCH."

"INDEED! HOW IS THAT?"

"THE FACT IS, I—I DON'T APPROVE OF MARRIED CLERGYMEN!"

UNHACKNEYED YULE; OR, YULE-TIDE GUSH.

EVEN his mighty intellect oppressed, and his usually irrepressible high spirits saddened, by reading all the Christmas articles in every one of the newspapers, Mr. Punch would seriously suggest, and has actually invented, a "New Game for Journalists." The sole object of the inventor is to produce a novel and really readable column of printed matter for next Christmas. Here are the rules:—

1. No allusions whatever to be made to DICKENS'S *Christmas Chimes*, to WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Old Christmas*, or to the Grave-digger who punched the little boy's head for whistling on Christmas Day.
2. Anybody who uses the words "Yule-tide," or "Yule-log," is immediately out of the game.
3. No references permitted to the Druids, or the Roman Saturnalia.
4. No paragraphs to begin with "A Merry Christmas! And why not a Merry Christmas? Is it not far better to be merry than to be, &c., &c.?" or with "To-day the bells from many a tower and steeple ring in the season of Good-will, of Merriment, of, &c., &c."
5. Nobody to mention plum-pudding. Turkeys only to be used with a good deal of fresh stuffing.
6. Any words expressive of the slightest tolerance for "Waits" subject the Player to a heavy forfeit.
7. Players to take for granted that the public is already acquainted with the uses of Holly and Mistletoe as decorative agents, and these, therefore, are not to be mentioned at all.
8. No Scandinavian "lore" about Mistletoe to be trotted out on any pretence.
9. Feelings of gushing benevolence to the poor (on paper) to be sternly repressed.
10. Articles to be as short as possible.
11. If possible, no articles at all to be written.

By an attention to the foregoing rules, newspaper writers may really hope to produce something quite new and original *à propos* of what they generally call "the sacred season," and Mr. Punch himself may be able to look forward in 1884 to a comparatively "Merry Christmas."

THE NEW YEAR.

A New Year! Turn another page,
Life's ledger haply needs fresh ruling.
How fares it with us since the age
When we were first set free from school-

ing?
Call back from out the spectral past
Remembrance of the vanished faces,
That peopled hours too bright to last,
In years that fled with lightning paces.

How strange it is in later days
To think on dead youth's lost illusion;
The world seemed fair then to our gaze,
And not all chaos and confusion.
We had beliefs,—where are they now?
We loved,—where are the loves we

cherished?
O high resolve and steadfast vow,
How came it that so soon you perished?

Where are the comrades of old time,
Who swore to scale the heights of glory,
And win with us in prose or rhyme
A name in unforgotten story?
They're not such famous men to-day,
While we o'er laurels hardly may crow,
Ah well, 'twere courteous to say,
'Tis "Carent quia vate sacro."

Contrast those halcyon days with those,
Then bowed we to the smiles of beauty,
Then pleasure had the power to please,
And friendship seemed the dearest duty.
Now pleasure's like the treadmill's wheel,
The fire of friendship waxes duller,
And beauty somehow seems to steal
From Art, what once was Nature's colour.

And mark the aspects of the age,
In truth no pleasant panorama,
Here wanton children take the stage,
There runs the blood-and-thunder drama.
A time of sham æsthetic tastes,
Life's riddle pales before acrostics,
And girls with suicidal waists
Will pose as drawing-room agnostics.

Existence bores us—shameful word,
With all that life can spread before us;
Now earnestness is held absurd,
And 'tis our sapless souls that bore us.
"Lycoris life requires an art,"
So wrote the pensive Bard of Rydal;
And ours is, moulding on the mart
One deity, a golden idol.

So close the book, the past is dead,
Or if we write upon its pages,
As on a palimpsest be read,
A nobler record for the ages.
Life's lessons have been dearly bought,
And good and evil masters claim us,
Yet surely all the Past has taught
But little if the Future shame us.

The Pill's Progress.

To believe that mere pills Will cure all human ills, Is hard, save those *very* strong in the "swallow" way; Yet ungullible wit, In this case, must admit That the true way to wealth—if not health—was a HOLLOWAY!

EXTRAORDINARY MEAT-TEA-ORIC PHENOMENON.—Dr. FRASER'S article in the *Edinburgh Chirurgical and Pathological Journal*, condemning Meat Teas.

SUMMARY.—*Benjamin to Grant*. "You've got no ground to go upon, because I've sold it."

THE BEST FLOWER FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.—The Laughing Stock.



TEMPUS FUGIT; OR, TIME GOING IT FASTER THAN EVER!

A TRUE STORY.—On Christmas Eve a well-known Low Comedian of philanthropic tendencies gave a tea-party to one hundred poor children. In order to ensure the absence of uninvited guests, a trusty Cerberus was placed at the door to verify credentials. Presently there arrived a youth of some seven Christmases, who was unknown to the watchdog. The following conversation then ensued:—
 Q. "What's your name, my little fellow?" A. "TOMMY."
 Q. "What's your surname?" A. "Dunno." Q. "What's your father's name?" A. "Dunno." Q. "Well, what does your mother call your father?" A. (promptly). "A drunken beast!"
 Placed at the head of the table.

OVERHEARD outside the Lark Club on the night of a police foray:—
 "Deuced hard lines, wasn't it, dear old Chappie, that we couldn't finish the game?" "I believe you, dear Boy; but the hardest lines of all were that *you* had my ready-money sovereign, and I've got several monkey'sworth of I.O.U.'s. Toss you double or quits!"

A SECRET Society of Grocers' Men, formed for the purpose of robbing employers, has been discovered in New York. We hear nothing of the Secret Society of Grocers, formed for robbing the public. Wooden nutmegs could not have been an American invention.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. 1. To Mr. Frederick Vokes, about Drury Lane Pantomime. 2. To Miss Anderson, about the Gaiety. 3. To Mr. Charles Harris, about Her Majesty's Pantomime.

1. To Mr. Frederick Vokes.

MY DEAR VOKES,

DON'T be anxious. Drury Lane's all right. First-rate Pantomime, hardly ever seen a better, except *Aladdin*, in which you and your sisters (hope they are all in the best of spirits) took part,—took prominent parts, I should say. Sorry that on account of your professional engagements elsewhere, you were unable to "meet me" at the Lane when the clock struck nine," or rather earlier; but I was there, and hasten to give you the first and the best intelligence. Your big heart will go out to AUGUSTUS HARRIS, as WILSON BARRETT's does every night to ALMIDA EASTLAKE, and you will rejoice with AUGUSTUS, I know, when you hear that *Cinderella* is a Big Success. It is emphatically and pre-eminently what, as you and your sisters have often said, a Pantomime ought to be—that is, a Children's Pantomime—popular story simply and dramatically told, full of movement, resplendent with glitter, with a sufficient spicing of that broad humour and practical fun without which a mere spectacular Pantomime is only a splendid failure.

I trembled, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, before the Curtain went up after a rattling overture, "personally conducted,"—as might be

said of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN on the exceptional nights (he is himself an exceptional Knight) when he wields the *bâton* at the Savoy,—by Mr. OSCAR BARRETT,—"not 'CLAUDIAN' but another,"—lest there should be no Big Heads. On they came, a whole family of 'em, with strong family resemblance, all looking better than ever, so stolidly idiotic, and with such beautiful complexions, that I could not resist applauding them heartily, and, had I known they were coming, I would have showered upon them the choicest bouquets. From the moment I saw these Big Heads, I felt the success of the Pantomime was assured.



A FITTING OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Aug. Harris trying it on at Drury Lane with *Cinderella*—and most successfully.

I saw the Author, Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, enter the Stalls and courteously decline to purchase his own book, which was offered to him by one of the neatly-attired Chambermaids, who only want a bed-room candlestick in their hands to complete the illusion, and I expressed to him (in pantomime of course, as he uses no other means of communication), that the Big Heads had done the trick, and that *Cinderella* was already a triumph.

The opening scene set every one applauding heartily, and the indefatigable spirit of Miss VICTOR and Mr. HARRY PARKER, as the *Baroness* and *Baron Filletville*, was of the greatest service to the general "go," both here and throughout the entire Pantomime. It is just the very sort of Pantomime you and your family like, my dear VOKES, as the fun is not confined to two or three people, but there's something for everybody, and not a moment's cessation of music, not a single pause in business or dialogue throughout. Fond as you are of your joke, and a capital one it was when you first made it, you and your family (may they live long and prosper!) would be the last persons to act on the principle of *Vokes et præterea nil*.

The proud and cruel sisters are always played by men, and this year their representatives are Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, who act together well on the give-and-take principle—the former, however, keeping, as he generally does, the greater part of the fun to himself. You, my dear VOKES, would perhaps be rather irritated by this quiet humour, as you like an Actor to face the audience and to speak his lines well out. I quite agree with you; but for all this Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS is very funny.

Cinderella herself is played by Miss KATE VAUGHAN, who looks charming, and is elegance, grace, agility, and dramatic caper-bility combined. Her dancing is perfect of its kind; but she is so clearly of opinion that the Public ought to be contented with what she has been giving them for the last six or seven years, that she does not care about doing anything new in the dancing line, and I am sure, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, you would be the first to tell her that

the constant repetition of the same dance, the same action, and the same fun, palls upon the public after a few years of it. Your motto, and that of your talented family, is "Keep moving!" Mention this to Miss KATE VAUGHAN, will you, if you have the happy-tunity?

But there it is. The more you give me,—I represent the Public, I believe,—the more I want; and if I have exquisite dancing by Mlle. PALLADINO, lines well and clearly spoken by Miss VICTOR and Mr. PARKER (by the way, no one says her lines better than Miss VAUGHAN—when there's a chance of getting 'em out, and attended to, either on or off the stage on Boxing Night), and not only metrical lines properly delivered, but also good songs artistically sung by Miss KATE SULLIVAN, is it not greedy of me, I ask myself, am I not a Gorgibuster to demand that all these qualifications should be united in Miss VAUGHAN, who is an ideal children's *Cinderella*,—and this is a great point, as you and Miss VICTORIA are perfectly right in always showing a child's heroine just as a child would expect her to be,—but she is so clearly out of the rough and tumble of the comic business, and has not a place among the fairies, and only one situation which exactly suits her—when she is gathering sticks in the wood and comes across the bridge and across the Prince at the same moment. This last is a charming idyllic bit—only a bit; just enough, and no more,—and the bundle of faggots Miss VAUGHAN carries are the only sticks in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

A propos of sticks reminds me of hitches, and how you would have sympathised with the Stage Manager—when one of the ponies "specially imported and trained," says the playbill, "for this Pantomime," showed how his nasty temper had been imported with him, and how not all the training, nor all the fairies in the world could make him move if he didn't feel so inclined. If he does this again, (the island this pony comes from can't be Shetland, it must be "Gib") *Cinderella* should get out of her carriage and sing, "If I had a pony what wouldn't go!"—but, oh, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, what a lot of "ponies" do go in getting up a Christmas Pantomime! You and Mr. LEADER, both together representing a "Volks-Lieder" entertainment, know that a Pantomime is not to be got up for a mere song.

But you will be anxious to know what is the Great Effect of the Drury Lane Pantomime? Well, it is the Grand Procession of the Fairy Tales, which includes the Knights, in full panoply, dancing attendance on the Seven Champions, and the entire Band of the Forty Thieves safe and sound, and not "done in oil" by *Morgiana*, blazing away in Oriental armour. Such a picture, full of the most varied costumes, alive with giants with famous big heads, dwarfs with wonderfully-designed masks, champions, kings, queens, pages, courtiers, &c., &c., I do not fancy that even you, my dear VOKES, with all your vast experience, will remember having seen for some considerable time.

All the Fairy Tales came on in excellent order, every set complete except one, and that was *Aladdin's* lot, which would have been perfect but for the regretted absence of *Abanazar* the Magician, with the tray of Lamps. I saw him arrive afterwards, and try to sneak in, as if he belonged to the party of one of the Seven Champions of Christendom; but they wouldn't have him at any price, and the unpunctual Magician was hustled off the top of the steps, and shoved away somewhere at the back, whence he never subsequently emerged. It will teach that Magician to be in time another night.

This being the climax, (they ought to get to the transformation scene as soon as possible; but they didn't on Boxing Night; and I am sure that, were you behind the scenes here, you would have the "business" in the Black Castle scene cut down to just as much as might serve for the arrangement of Mr. W. R. BEVERLEY's *Home of Light and Love*, which, considered by itself, and quite apart from the Pantomime story, is one of the most effective and most artistic spectacular *tableaux* that even he has ever done.)

Then, after we had said good-bye to all the characters (*Cinderella* herself has almost disappeared since the Kitchen scene), there was a lot of dancing by nobodies—or rather, by able-bodies—and by Mlle. PALLADINO, and then, when this was all over, and the groups were all formed, and when the Cupids had all scrambled into their places, and members of the Guards' band, or of the orchestra, dressed like Druids (why Druids at the end of *Cinderella*?), blowing, not



Mr. Herbert Campbell and Miss Dot Mario, illustrating—Dot and carry one.

their own trumpets, but Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's, for this occasion made and provided, sounding as shrill as those in *Aida*, and, after a sort of Eden-Théâtre effect had been reproduced (but not quite it) from a wonderful ballet which, no doubt, you saw in Paris—I mean *Excelsior*—then, my dear FRED. VOKES, it would have done your honest heart good to have heard the vociferous cheers for "HARRIS! HARRIS!" And the thought flashed across me at the moment: Suppose some wag in the guise of *Sairy Gamp* should suddenly quote that worthy old lady's remark, and shout out, "I don't believe there ain't no sich person"—why, if this had happened he would have then and there been confronted by the astounding fact of not one HARRIS stepping before the Curtain and answering to the clamorous call, but two—*Les deux Ajax*!—two HARRISES in the field, both having worked at getting up this splendid Pantomime; for is it not in the bill that "AUGUSTUS HARRIS" was "assisted by CHARLES HARRIS"? And would you, my dear VOKES, (how well I know your generous instincts!) would you, I say, have found a dry corner in your eye when the Elder Brother, AUGUSTUS, stretched out his fraternal arm and dragged forth from his lurking place, somewhere in the vicinity of the Prompter's box, the modest, shrinking, retiring form of his own Brother, the real "CHARLES, his friend"?

Yes, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, I am not ashamed to say it, there were many hearts in Old Drury that night that were deeply affected by this touching sight. There were noses blown, and pocket-handkerchiefs used, and *lorgnettes* put up, and the old soldier (who was he, think you, *mon cher VOKES*?) wiped away a tear, and, stifling his emotion, shouted and hurra'd with the best of 'em. I would you had been there! But legs or no legs, you cannot be everywhere, and as you are now singing "How happy could I be with LEADER," I must come and see your show at Her Majesty's, and with best wishes for the New Year to you and your family,

I am yours sincerely,
NIBBS.

2. To Miss Mary Anderson.

MY DEAR MISS ANDERSON,

I regret that you were unable to be present at Drury Lane on Boxing Day, as you would then have seen what a real mixed London audience is like, from the Peer of St. James's in a private



Galatea and Pygmalion in Statu Quo; or,
A Chip of the Old Block.

Box, up to the Prig of St. Giles's in the Upper Gallery. And then to see them all standing up to hear the National Anthem, and to cheer it enthusiastically without a dissentient voice this year at the finish! We are not too go-a-head a people as you are aware, and our constitution will have to undergo a very radical change ere we become impatient of "God Save the Queen," and don't care for a really good Pantomime, and cease to enjoy a hearty laugh at any genuinely comic representations of our public characters, whose popularity or unpopularity is the measure of our enjoyment of their caricatures. You've made a hit, my dear Miss MARY ANDERSON, and are just now deservedly a favourite, and especially, I may add, and lay stress on the fact because of its rarity,

with your own sex, who admire you as an Artiste, respect you as a Lady, and are eager to welcome you as a guest from America.

If, then, you hear that across the road at the Gaiety Theatre, *Galatea and Pygmalion* ("re-versed," the wags, Messrs. STEPHENS and WAREHAM have it, you'll observe, for it is in rhyme, as were the old French tragedies and comedies) is being received nightly with roars of laughter, don't you suppose that you are the object of their mirth. Very much the contrary. There's nothing about you in the short burlesque at the Gaiety, which has no more to do with the eccentric modern comedy in classic dress—almost a burlesque in itself from the very nature of the case—in which you play the statue and walk the boards "like a thing of life," than it has with the French *Opéra-Bouffe* (taken, I believe, from the German) on the same subject, which was a stock-piece in Paris long before Mr. GILBERT gave his amusing twist to the legend.

At the Gaiety Miss ELLEN FARRER is *Galatea* the Sculptress, who

has fashioned but not finished the statue of *Pygmalion*, which is suddenly vivified by the Gods in the Gallery, to whom *Galatea* appeals. *Galatea* is not dressed a bit like your *Galatea* (which I think is a mistake, as the Sculptress looks more like a boy than a girl,—but this kind of costume has become a tradition at the Gaiety, where the Ladies prefer being "boys"), nor are you in any way caricatured, though of course you might have been, and pretty broadly, too, in the good old palmy days of Burlesque, when WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD, at the Adelphi, dressed up as *Adalgisa* and *Norma*, the latter with a wreath of turnips and carrots round his head, and Miss WOOLGAR was the *Pollio*,—or when RONSON caricatured RISTORI as *Medea*, and men in petticoats were almost as common a sight on the Stage as were the youths who played the heroines in SHAKESPEARE'S time.

A lot of girls are dressed as statues, and there's a chorus of them, and a chorus of visitors to *Galatea*'s studio; and after a song or two,—the tunes are very good—and a very grotesque dance by Mr. ELTON and Miss FARRER, we get to the real fun of the fair, which is Mr. TERRY made up as a statue; but not as you,—though, for the boisterous fun of the thing, I wish he had been,—and wouldn't all the Critics have been down on the unfortunate Author had he ventured on treatment which would have been a matter of course years ago, but which would now only be reprobated as a matter of course treatment. Mr. TERRY is very funny in this, which it is the more difficult for him to be, as he has been very funny in *The Rocket* previously.

I hope you are getting some amusement. Go and see Mr. PINERO'S new Comedy when it comes out at the Globe, on the withdrawal of *The Glass of Fashion*—which is now going for a theatrical tour in India, where Mr. GRUNDY won't find it's so hot as the Critics tried to make it for him here on its first appearance. Mr. PINERO will then have three pieces running simultaneously at three different theatres! Isn't it wonderful! I am informed that Mr. FRANK GREEN, the Author of the Pantomime at Her Majesty's, has thirteen Pantomimes running at thirteen different theatres. Reckon this at five thousand for each Pantomime, and ask Mr. GILBERT, when you're rehearsing *Tragedy and Comedy*, if that isn't good business for one year. Wishing you a very happy New Year, I sign myself Your hearty Admirer,
NIBBS.

3. To Mr. Charles Harris, Dr. Augustus Harris's Assistant.]

MY DEAR MR. CHARLES HARRIS,

As you can't get away from Drury Lane Stage, I write this to tell you about the "old-fashioned" Pantomime at Her Majesty's. You'd be immensely pleased with the Dance of Children all round Miss JESSIE VOKES, and with the Fat Boys' Chorus, quite a gem of melody and humour, and you'd applaud with all your might and



The Vokes Family, "With Powers to add to their number."

main the admirable drilling which Mr. LEVEY, the Conductor—(Do you know Mr. LEVEY, the Conductor? If not, you ought to)—has given these little ones. Then the mechanical change from the Snow-covered Market-place to Summer Fairy Bowers, I assure you, is so perfectly managed, and so admirably contrived and neatly carried out, that, had there been time, I could have sent a cab to Drury Lane in order that you might have galloped round, and seen this excellent mechanical effect for yourself. Then the Hut Scene, with the old Grandmother and the sensational fight! How pleased your dear brother AUGUSTUS—(pray remember me to him!)—would have been, for I assure you it is almost the real thing.

I haven't the pleasure of Mr. HARRY PAYNE'S acquaintance, but do tell him that he would be charmed with the Harlequinade at Her Majesty's, where there is such a pretty Harlequina (I don't like Harlequins as a rule), and a very attractive Columbine. I'm certain that, if you could see the Transformation Scene, you would be as pleased as if it had been at your own place. If you've never seen the VOKESSES dance all together, you ought not to miss it. Of course, you are a thorough Musician among other accomplishments, so do ask Mr. OSCAR BARRETT, your Conductor, to inquire of Mr. LEVEY of Her Majesty's if he isn't enraptured with the melodious operatic *finale* of one of the scenes, and ask (Mrs. NIBBS particularly wants to know), if Miss VICTORIA VOKES, the Vokes-alist, is Mr. LEVEY'S prize pupil. Ah! my dear Mr. CHARLES, you have a great treat in store for you.
Yours admirably,
NIBBS.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE SKETCHER.

Distinguished Amateur (modestly displaying results of his afternoon's leisure). "YOU MUST BEAR IN MIND THEY WERE ALL DONE VERY RAPIDLY. I DON'T SUPPOSE I GAVE MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES TO EACH!" Mr. Snarle. "OH, THAT'S NO EXCUSE!"

THE YOUNG KING.

("LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!")

"THE King is dead!" men shout,
 "Long live the King!"
 The Old Year passeth out,
 The New they bring,
 Whose welcome, all about,
 The mad bells ring.
 Requiem and welcome sound
 In one wild peal.
 Our old World's way! Who's
 found
 To memory leal?
 The Young King comes! Around
 The Courtiers kneel!
 Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!
 Mixed gifts you brought,
 Like all your dynasty.
 Knaves schemed, fools fought,
 And honest souls hoped high,
 And bravely wrought.
 Some better, many worse,
 Memory may pick;
 Howe'er our heart, or purse,
 We'll not be quick
 To speed you with a curse,
 Or with a kick.
 Young Year, your garb is brave
 For such a boy.
 Punch, who is not Time's slave,
 Tricked by each toy,
 Hopes you good hours may have,
 Wishes you joy.
 You'll find no end to do,
 Have lots of troubles,
 Tracking with devious clue
 Fate's winds and doubles,
 Meet monsters not a few,
 Prick many bubbles.
 Some who acclaim you now
 May chide anon,
 Wish wrested from your brow
 The crown you don,
 Charge you with broken vow,
 Bid you begone.
 The courtier-soul, you see,
 Is fashioned so;
 It hinged to Eighty-Three,
 Twelve moons ago;
 Will shout with equal glee
 When you're laid low.
 We too hail the new King,
 As off of yore;
 But floutings will not fling
 Through you dim door,
 To swell your welcoming,
 Young Eighty-Four!

NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

CARDS with the following mottoes are said to have been delivered to the following eminent personages:—

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone	"Onward the path of Empire axes its way."
Sir Charles Dilke	"I have been east of Temple Bar."
Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain	"New Brums sweep clean."
The Editor of "Truth"	"Let well alone."
The Editor of the "World"	"Laudator temporis acti."
The Editor of the "Times"	"Tempora mutantur."
The Poet Laureate	"Honours, barren honours."
Mr. Martin Tupper	"Sic vos non nobis."
Mr. Parnell	"A little check."
Sir Stafford Northcote	"Pour y parvenir."
Marquis of Salisbury	"Eothen."
Duke of Bedford	"Mud sticks."
Mr. John Hollingshead	"All have their bricked-up exits."
Mr. Wilson Barrett	"Where there's a WILLS there's a play."
Lord Randolph Churchill	"Leader and this One."
Mr. O'Donovan Rossa	"The Pen is dynamitier than the Sword."
Lord George Hamilton, M.P.	"That's where the screw pinches."
Mr. Augustus Harris	"De Gus-tibus non est dis- putandum."
Lord Rossmore	"Derry, down Derry."
Mr. Henry Irving	"Chink! Chink! that's how The Bells go."
Count F. de Lesseps	"Blague and blague hard for ever!"
Mr. Richard Belt	"The LAWES in my own hands."
Lord Charles Beresford	"His heart was true to Pol-itics."
Lord Garmoye	"My forte is cue."
The Postmaster General	"From pillar to Parcels Post."
Marquis Tseng	"No piece of Territory at any price."

A FITTING SEQUEL TO THE DERBY PRESENTATION TO THE PREMIER.—A set of Chelsea for Sir CHARLES DILKE.



“LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!”





"CUISINE."

Mistress. "SUSAN, WE'RE THINKING OF HAVING A PIG'S HEAD BOILED FOR DINNER. YOU UNDERSTAND IT, I SUPPOSE!"

Cook. "OH NO, M'UM. I TOLD YOU BEFORE I CAME I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND GAME!"

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART X.—THE FESTIVE SEASON AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

It is seldom that a dinner celebrating a family gathering, held between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night, passes without someone or other insisting upon making a speech.

Very often the address is commendably short. It may be that a needy connection rises merely to propose the health of all his rich relatives. Then the speaker is satisfied with a pointed allusion to the duties of property and the honest pride of the deserving poor. On another occasion a garrulous and tactless uncle insists upon "saying a few words," avowedly in honour of his host, but really to hat host's utter confusion. As giver of the feast, the host is naturally well-to-do, and wishes it to be believed that his fortunes have never been other than *coulour de rose*. But this view does not commend itself favourably to the mind of the garrulous and tactless uncle, who, having a retentive memory, can consequently unlookily remember the days when the gentleman at the head of the table was the forced companion of the "man in possession" of the house. This little incident in an otherwise fairly prosperous career, the garrulous and tactless uncle takes care to relate, to the intense confusion of the hero of the story. The "incident" is the more painful, as a solitary member of the home circle is singled out for disagreeable identification. If the whole of the family were "in the same boat," no one could claim an advantage, and justice would be appeased. Moreover, the most distressing feature of these Christmas and New Year gatherings is the want of honesty that characterises them. Nine times out of ten, jealousy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are all there, and yet unacknowledged because concealed under a thin veil of sham geniality. Surely, in the cause of truth it would be well to tear that veil aside, and permit the rarely-united family to see its members in their real characters. This might be easily accomplished by a carefully-constructed speech delivered with a view to bringing any little grievance and scandal to the surface of the after-dinner talk, so that they might be ventilated. To explain more fully this suggestion, a dramatic illustration is subjoined:—

SCENE—Interior of the Dining-Room of the Most Prosperous Member of the Family. Holly and Mistletoe everywhere. An excellent but indigestible Dinner has just been consumed, and the Home Circle, consisting of individuals ranging in age from seven to seventy, are seated round the hospitable board, wearing on their heads the paper contents of numerous *cosaque bonbons*. A dead silence, and then Candid Friend rises, with the intention of proposing a toast. Embarrassing pause.

Candid Friend. I am sorry that you cannot give me a heartier reception, but not surprised, for I know you all! And knowing you all, I tell you that if there is one thing in the world you cannot tolerate, it is the truth. (*Murmurs.*) Oh, you may grumble, but for all that I am right. I hate humbug; so let's have it out. To commence: Who were your host and hostess twenty years ago? (*Cheers.*) Were they the heads of the family then? ("No, no!") And does it not look very much like presumption that they should be condescending—(ha! ha!—condescending!)—to feast their betters—(thunders of applause)—in a house much too good for them—(renewed cheering)—which must bring them shortly into bankruptcy? ("Yes, yes!") They may say, and, in fact, do say—very frequently—that they have been very generous to a certain member of the family—

Elderly Female (interposing angrily). I insist upon this matter being cleared up. I know that it is thought that I get a hundred a-year out of them. Nothing of the sort. I am only paid ten pounds a quarter—irregularly.

Candid Friend (continuing). But we will not enter into this. No doubt they may have grievances of their own. For instance, it is possible that, had they all that belonged to them, they would have had—

Irritable Old Man (springing to his feet). I know what you are going to say! I repudiate the insinuation. By the will I was to have all the silver with the crest, and the teapot had the crest.

Candid Friend (continuing when the storm has worn itself out). But why enter into little disputes that are really beneath contempt? (*Noise.*) It is a far different matter when questions of principle are involved. For instance, nothing could be more improper—"Hear, hear!"—nay, more disgraceful—(cheers)—than for a man to refuse to act as an infant's Godfather!

(*Thunders of applause.*) *Benevolent-looking Individual (rising with a flushed face).* I don't agree with you, Sir! I did not like the responsibility, and—

Peppery Person (with red whiskers, angrily). And you behaved with your usual brutal want of good feeling!

(*Tremendous row.*) *Candid Friend (after a pause).* But what does it all matter? Things are so little! The BROWN part of the family may believe that they know a better set than the SNOOKS part—(derisive laughter from all the SNOOKS)—or the SNOOKS may look down with supreme contempt upon the society affected by the BROWNS. (*Roars of ironical laughter from all the BROWNS.*) And no one need trouble himself or herself as to whether the JONESSES care anything for old Miss ROBINSON'S little savings. (*Universal jeering.*) What does it matter? It is so much better to face the truth and get it over. Why hide anything? Everybody knows that MATILDA jilted PAUL when he lost his money—(uproar)—that Aunt LEONORA tried her level best unsuccessfully to catch PETER for his Cousin BEATRICE, when he succeeded unexpectedly to the Baronetcy—(renewed uproar)—that it was SIMON who got his poor Uncle BENJAMIN pillaged for the Camford and Oxbridge—(shouts)—that it was JACKY'S excesses on the turf that caused his Grand-aunt, Mrs. MUMBO JUMBO, to leave all her property away from the family, and to make a will in favour of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. (*Yells.*) But all this is ancient history, and what we have now to do is to heartily wish each other a really happy, and prosperous, and, above all, peaceful new year, so that—

[The rest of the speech is drowned in the shouts, shrieks, and yells of a perfectly indescribable uproar.]

Of course, the above is merely a skeleton speech—or rather, a speech containing plenty of skeletons. However, in the hands of a well-informed orator, with the courage of his opinions, it would be sure to succeed. At any rate, it would certainly attract attention.

A VORACIOUS
MUSICIAN.

AMID the numerous Trade Journals, it is a wonder that one has not been long ago started called *The Lodger*, for surely no class is so peculiar in its habits, and so difficult to satisfy. How can one be expected to provide for a person of such singular taste as that indicated in the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A YOUNG Gentleman, studying for the musical profession, desires a dry, warm BED ROOM, with use of sitting-room for breakfast, for Monday till Friday, weekly. State terms, and what extra for full board on Sundays.

This young Gentleman who prefers his bedroom, like his sherry, dry, evidently has an appetite that requires controlling. If he takes a "sitting-room for breakfast," his "full board on Sunday" would probably comprise a good slice of one side of the street. He would literally eat a trusting landlord out of house and home before he had paid his monthly account.

A Snappy New Year.

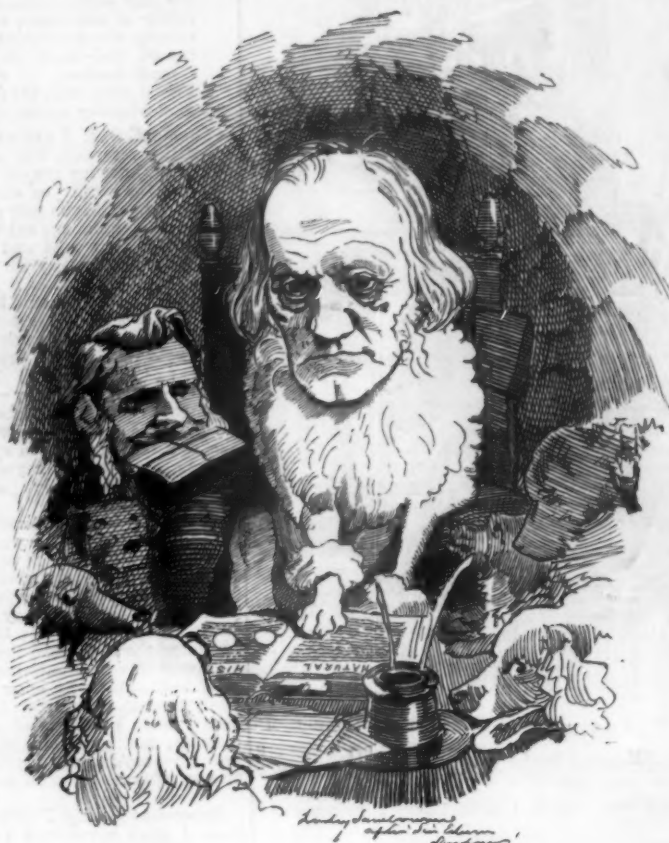
(By Our Parisian Poet.)

CARDS sent by yards,
Bonbons by bales,
Blocked Boulevards,
Three days' late mails;

Let the galled Gaul—
Wretched young man—
Jour de l'An call,
This Jour de l'An!

A BOX of explosives has been discovered near Powderham Castle. Had it reached the Castle, it would surely have been at home.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 169.



PROFESSOR OWEN, K.C.B.

A KNOWIN' PROFESSOR.

It is said of him that "from the sponge to Man, he has thrown light over every subject he has touched"—To have thrown light from a sponge must be as marvellous a scientific achievement as extracting sun's rays from cucumbers, and the Professor deserves to be considered one of the greatest scientists of his time.

NOVELTIES FOR THE
NEW YEAR.

MESSRS. FADKINS & Co., Pure and Simple Provision Merchants, invite the attention of their countless customers to the following specialities in their extensive assortment, as peculiarly suitable for New Year's Presents :—

1. THE TEMPERANCE HAMPER—containing two bottles of Zoedone, two do. of Soda Water, Apollinaris, Ginger Beer, and Vin Santé, also a half-pound packet of Tea, do. Cocoa, do. Coffee, do. Chicory, and half a pound of Brown Sugar, for 5s. 6d. only.

2. THE VEGETARIAN HAMPER—contains one ten-ounce parcel of Haricot Beans, the same quantity of Egyptian Lentils, and best Scotch Oatmeal, one pound of Hominy, and one pound and a half of Ensilage, together with one pint of Cotton-seed Oil, all at the amazingly absurd price of 6½d. In hampers tastefully decorated with bows of blue and green ribbon.

SAYS a daily paper, "The Great Western Railway Company notify that the loss of the South of Ireland will not in any way interfere with the regularity of the service between Weymouth and Cherbourg." In consequence of this announcement, it is probable that the South-Eastern Company will publicly declare that the loss of the whole of Ireland would not interrupt the traffic between London and Paris. The loss of England would, however, most likely put an end to the traffic between Mr. PARNELL and the United States.

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

CANTO VI.—MAMMA (continued).

MATERFAMILIAS.

WELL, Punch, you really need not make a fuss About the matter. Leave it all to us—Mammas I mean—its natural managers. But if you must be meddling, one prefers To have you on one's side, of course.

PUNCHIUS.

Dear Madam,
Punch takes no side—save Truth's!

MATERFAMILIAS.

All men, from ADAM Down to—my husband, are alike, precisely, In aggravatingness! All would go nicely But for your reasoning. Pooh! Punch's or PLATO's Philosophy is very small potatoes, And Wit's a right-down nuisance. Pretty mess They'd make of matrimonial plans, I guess!

I tell you, Punch, your "argument" 's upset. Oh! everything; and Satire never yet Did any good—with women! Is it kind Of you to muddle up the girlish mind With bantering gossip between you and Cupid? It is—excuse me!—nothing short of stupid! Cupid forsooth! All very well, it may be, For songs, but when a girl is such a baby As to believe in hearts and darts, and things, You've no idea what botherment it brings To her Mamma! And you encourage this! Why only yesterday my youngest, Cis, Quoted your *Ars Amandi* against Me!

PUNCHIUS.

And on what ground, dear Madam?

MATERFAMILIAS.

Well, you see, FRANK FOLLY has "six feet of manhood straight," Pulled stroke—is that it?—in the Oxbridge eight, Waltzes delightfully, and, I am told—(And do not doubt it)—has a heart of gold. But then that's all the gold he has, or nearly, And—though the sentiment may strike you queerly—



CHRISTMAS TIME.

Crossing-Sweeper (to Swell). "MERRY CHRIS'MAS, CAPTIN'! PITCH US A BROWN!" (No answer. Insinuatingly.) "HA' YEE SICH A THING AS A BIT O' COLD PUDDIN' ABOUT YER, CAPTIN'!"

I hold, and own it plainly, for my part,
Though a girl live *within* a husband's heart,
She cannot live *upon* it.

PUNCHIUS.

That sounds clever!

A notion strikes me!

MATERFAMILIAS.

What?

PUNCHIUS.

Our joint endeavour

An *Ars Amandi* might perhaps produce
Of business quality and real use;
A Code whose ranged rules might well stand sentry,
In pipeclayed stiffness, at each porch and entry
Of that strange citadel, a Maiden's soul,
Guard every issue and protect the whole.

MATERFAMILIAS.

Exactly, oh, exactly! That indeed
Might help us Mothers in our sorest need.
Stop your Ovidian nonsense—do, dear *Punch*,
The Dress-philosophy of Mother Bunch,
Fit for no circle out of Noah's Ark;
Satiric flights that leave us in the dark,
Whether you'd laud or lash us, mixed with gleams
Of high-flown gibberish from the land of dreams,
And that *proposterous* funning about Fashion,
Which, I confess it, puts me in a passion
Quicker than *anything*!

PUNCHIUS.

And teach your daughters

The art of hungry lures and heartless slaughters;
The cunning management of beauty's battery,
The tricks of tenderness, the frauds of flattery,

By clear cold rules, Euclidian and exact,
Forming a Love-Code—shall we say?—compact,
Uncomplicated by capricious mazes
Of passion, conscience, taste, or other crazes;
Untouched by satire, and unfogged by fun?
Dear Madam, yes, of course it *might* be done,
With your expert assistance, and—above
All else—without the meddling hand of—Love!
Only, when done, the agreeable work would be
A *magnum opus* in—diplomacy;
The *Huckster-Handbook of the Heart*, perchance
Hymen's Own Oracle, *Form at a Glance*,
Or *Maiden's Market-Guide*. But though all these,
And useful, necessary, if you please,
Whate'er it were, this *Vade Mecum* handy,
It would not—would it?—be an *Ars Amandi*?
Thus PUNCHIUS, bowing low his laurelled head.
A rustle swift, a quick yet stately tread,
An "O-h-h-h!" sonorous, blent of sniff and groan,
A portal banged, and PUNCHIUS stood alone!

Brokers and Jokers.

SAYS the *Globe* (December 26), in an article on "Sworn Brokers,"
"Brokers there are, alas!—but not sworn brokers." Now we have
met with brokers who have sworn, and we have encountered brokers
who have been sworn at, and we have known brokers who have
"sworn off." Surely these should compensate for the loss of the
"sworn broker," whom we are informed no longer exists.

THIS is a good "cutting" for the Season from our "Standard" Rows
of Advertisement tree:—

THE Father of 713 THANKS the Subscribers of ST. JOHN'S
FOUNDATION SCHOOL for their past SUPPORT, and begs their
future HELP at the NEXT ELECTION, the Boy's last chance.

Comment is unnecessary. What a family!!

THUMB-NAIL SUMMARY FOR 1884.

(By our own Alarmist.)

JANUARY.

New Bankruptcy Law comes into force.

Five of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's packets go down in mid-Channel, due to overcrowding by absconding Trustees.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN applies to the LORD MAYOR for protection, on receiving an anonymous threatening letter signed "THREEPENCE-HALFPENNY IN THE POUND."

Several Provincial Official Receivers come up to London, and, under pressure from overwork, attempt with partial success to jump off the top of Queen Anne's Mansions.

Mr. Justice CAVE goes into hysterics on the Bench, and resigns.

FEBRUARY.

The Irish Party arrive in town and dine together, with sealed doors, in an underground cellar in Whitechapel.

Parliament opens amid a scene of indescribable excitement, and, on hearing the news, shuts the same afternoon.

Rumour in the Clubs that Mr. BRADLAUGH has taken advantage of the confusion to kidnap Captain GOSSET.

Mr. PARNELL, being requested by a deputation by both Houses "to allow public business to proceed just for an hour or two," peremptorily refuses, and spends the evening in State at Madame TUSSEAUD's, paying his own admission amidst an ovation.

After a stormy meeting of the Cabinet Council, during which three recalcitrant members are ejected from the room by the window, the Ministry decide—by a majority of one—to grant Home Rule to Ireland.

Fireworks in Seven Dials. Prominent members of the National Party leave quietly for New York, disguised, in batches of two and three at a time the next morning.

Lord SPENCER arrives at Liverpool as a stowaway, and is received coldly by the Mayor. Three pence firm at 110.

MARCH.

The Municipal Reform Bills are all passed without a division at a Wednesday Morning's sitting.

Riots at the Mansion House.

Renewed riots at the Mansion House.

Sir ROBERT CARDEN, followed by all the Aldermen on both sides of the Chair, the LORD MAYOR, the City Remembrancer, Common Serjeant, Deputy Registrar, and twenty-nine of the Livery Companies assemble in Palao's Yard, and, again renewing the riots commenced at the Mansion House, are removed to the Tower, and shown the next day for an extra fee of sixpence together with the Crown jewels.

Great rejoicings in the City, during which a Real Turtle Salesman is torn to pieces by mistake.

APRIL.

Return of Theatrical Stars from America.

Mr. IRVING welcomed by the entire Channel Squadron off Bantry Bay, received with a salute of one hundred and four guns at several stations on his way to Town, and made a Duke on his arrival at Euston Square.

An indignation meeting of Actors, held the next morning in Hyde Park, condemns the limited character of the honour as "an insult to the Profession."

The PREMIER, after taking advice of a distinguished artistic judicial authority, counsels HER MAJESTY to create one hundred and thirty-six Theatrical Peers.

Simultaneous production of twenty-two original five-act pieces by Cabinet Ministers, at leading West-End Theatres.

Great reaction in public feeling. Three Dowager Duchesses playing the Three Witches in *Macbeth* at Newhaven Theatre, are hooted off the Stage amid a shower of oyster-shells.

MAY.

Health Exhibition, opens with display of coloured lamps and dance music. During the progress of the inaugural ceremony, three Sanitary Inspectors go up in a fire balloon and are never heard of again.

Italian, German, Chinese, Patagonian, and Central African Opera installed respectively with great social éclat at Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, the new Embankment Academy, Drury Lane, and the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Great rush for places, during which two highly respected Theatrical Librarians of Bond Street are crushed to death.

Mr. CARL ROSA, together with five English native Composers and a powerful company of English Artists, sails for the South Pole in the hope of establishing, for the benefit of a really cultivated and musical people, a permanent English National Opera on a satisfactory, sound, and encouraging basis.

JUNE.

The Eton and Harrow Match played at Lord's with the new narrow regulation bats, the result being that the four innings are all finished in three-quarters of an hour, whereupon the Committee Room of the Marylebone Club is unroofed, and all the Members discovered hiding about the grounds, tossed in the side of a Refreshment Tent by the contending Elevens.

Commemoration week at Oxford. Honorary degrees conferred on all the Clowns taking part in the preceding Christmas Pantomimes amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm.

JULY.

Newly elected Parliament meets for the first time, and commences a campaign of active legislative reform by abolishing the Speaker.

The "Payment of Members Bill," involving a State income of £2000 a year, the right to a stall at West End Theatres on first nights, family railway tourist-tickets during the summer season, and free dining for self and friend at the Holborn Restaurant while Parliament is in Session, carried without a division.

The "Payment of Members Bill," being thrown out by the Peers, the House of Lords is abolished by a short comprehensive Act, framed for the purpose, in one sitting.

Much aristocratic distress prevails towards the end of the month, and gangs of hungry Peers infesting the public thoroughfares are prosecuted daily by the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, and ultimately shipped to a Coral Island in the Pacific.

AUGUST.

Humanitarian shooting by chloroform commences.

Departure of English notabilities for the Annual American "Starring Tour." The Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by both Houses of Convocation, the Duke of Cambridge, a large staff of War Office Officials, and several Members of the Cabinet, arrive, under the charge of the Proprietor of the Elephant and Castle, at New York, and are entertained by Mr. VANDERBILT with princely splendour at his mansion in Fifth Avenue for the inside of an afternoon, and return by the next packet.

Public traffic commences on the Parks Railway, when, owing to the thinness of the tunnel roof, the first train runs through it into Rotten Row, and frightens the horse of Mr. T. G. BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER.

The Taxation Clauses of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Peace and Good Will Message Bill come into operation amidst general rejoicing, the personality of a noble Duke lately deceased, amounting to £1,500,000 being divided as follows:—£100 a year to each of his three Sons, a like sum to five hundred selected Members of the House of Commons, and the balance to the General Omnibus Company.

Severe rioting and bloodshed, followed by great loss of life, in Wapping, Hackney, Piccadilly, Mile End, Brixton, Belgrave Square, Tooting, and Bayswater, on the occasion of the first attempt to levy the new Poll Tax of a penny per week on all the able-bodied adults residing within those districts.

OCTOBER.

Mechanical partridge-shooting ends.

The *Times* newspaper has for the subjects of its three respective Leading Articles, "The Bottom of the Dead Sea as an Extinct Health Resort;" "The Private Social Relations of Diffused Bacteria;" and "The Ultimate Capabilities of Solar Inspection," three days in succession, and then stops.

The dull season ends.

NOVEMBER.

The new Municipal Corporation inaugurated on the Fifth.

It having been, during the course of the day, notified that at the Evening Banquet the new era of economy would be appropriately ushered in by a fish and meat dinner, the cost of which "would not exceed the sum of sixpence halfpenny a head," fourteen hundred and seventy-nine apologies and excuses are received at the last moment, —the Prime Minister, who had attended, though not having heard the report, departing "to preside at an important but unexpected Cabinet Council," as soon as he had glanced at the *menu*, leaving a copy of his speech with the Toastmaster.

DECEMBER.

General progress of everything. A Gas and two Water Companies blow up in the Fulham Road.

Electric night-lights introduced for the first time this month, as an "anti-soporific stimulant" in several London Hospitals.

The "Co-operative Doctors' Stores" open; a Royal Duke taking his turn for a consultation, and paying a one-and-threepenny fee for his prescription.

Completion and public opening of the Channel Tunnel, inaugurated by the sudden march through it of 150,000 picked French troops, who are hospitably entertained by Sir E. WATKIN at the expense of the shareholders.

The year closes quietly.

"There was only one person saved from the wreck
a young girl—and she with the clearness of
her sex had taken a piece of *Clearer's Terbene*
Soap, and washed herself ashore."

(extract from private letter.)



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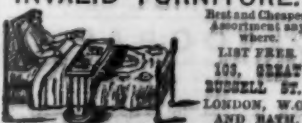
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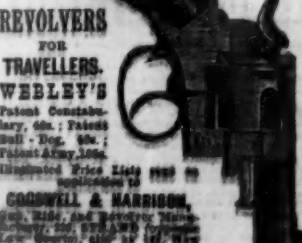
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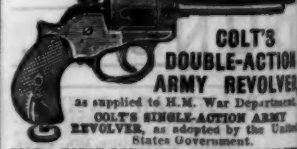
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